



TELLING OF PLANS FOR UNIVERSAL PEACE

PRESIDENT TAFT, undismayed by the war clouds that seem to be hanging over Europe, never loses an opportunity to put in a word for universal peace. The photograph shows him addressing the federal and confederate veterans, at the battle of Bull Run semi-centennial celebration, on the plans and hopes of the men and women who are laboring to abolish war.

NOTABLE FISH BOOK

Scientific and Literary Work of Much Magnitude.

Task Begun Years Ago by Dr. C. H. Eigenmann, Dean of Graduate School of Indiana University, Nearing Completion.

Pittsburg.—A scientific and literary task of much magnitude, which was begun several years ago by Mr. C. H. Eigenmann, curator of fishes at the graduate school of Indiana university, is nearing completion and will appear in book form in the near future.

Dr. Eigenmann is known as an authority upon the fresh water fish of South America. August 25, 1903, accompanied by an assistant, he sailed from New York for British Guiana, South America, arriving in Georgetown September 6. During the fall and winter following he explored the rivers of British Guiana and brought home nearly 40,000 specimens.

Selections from every species were reserved for the Carnegie museum. The remaining duplicates were distributed in exchange for collections from different countries, the exchange being made with the United States National museum, the Field museum of Chicago Museum of Comparative Zoology of Harvard university, the British museum in London, the Royal museum in Berlin, the Imperial museum in Vienna, the Natural museum of France, and many others. In this way, the collection of the Carnegie museum has been greatly enlarged.

One important and interesting result of Professor Eigenmann's expedition was the discovery of more than 100 species of fresh water fishes new to science. These "types" made the Carnegie museum the possessor of about 500 species of the 2,500 known. This is a remarkable accomplishment, in view of the fact that the Carnegie museum is the youngest of the world's great scientific institutions of this character. A type in scientific parlance is the particular specimen of an object in the natural world which is used as a basis for the first scientific description of it.

The results of Dr. Eigenmann's explorations are about to be published as volume five of the "Memoirs of the Carnegie Museum." Dr. W. J. Holland, director, and Dr. Eigenmann have been busily engaged the last few weeks in arranging the manuscript and the plates. The work will appear in large quarto form and will be illustrated by 104 pictures, giving figures of nearly 300 species of the fresh water fishes of British Guiana.

The frontispiece is a photograph of the great Kaieteur falls on the Potaro river. This stream, which is as large as the Ohio at Pittsburg, leaves the upper plateau of British Guiana by a leap of 741 feet into the deep canyon.

Dr. Eigenmann ascended the Potaro, led by Indians in canoes, until he came near the falls. Leaving his frail craft behind him, he climbed to the highlands, explored the vicinity of the falls, obtained new boats from the natives and continued southward along the upper reaches of the river. His aim was to ascertain whether there existed on the broad highlands a different fauna from that found in the lowlands. To some extent he found this to be the case.

The book will be an important contribution to the ichthyology of South America.

GOLD DUST MAKES BLONDES

Women Do Not Dye Their Hair Golden Nowadays, but Seek Methods of Securing Bright Effect.

London.—The fashion for gold which has shown itself in the beautiful cloths of gold, especially for use at court functions, has led to a revival of the sprinkling of the hair with gold dust.

"Gold dust is now used to brighten the coiffure for evening wear, but more extensively for occasions when fancy dress is worn," said a well-known Bond street hairdresser.

"Women do not dye their hair golden nowadays, but they seek methods of giving the natural color a bright effect. Gold dust can be most effectively used for fair hair or hair of a light brown shade."

DOG TELEPHONES FOR HELP

Locked in Store, Rover Yelps into Instrument and Police Finally Come to His Rescue.

East Orange, N. J.—Rover, a yellow dog owned by Michael Bellotti, a bootblack, of 39 1/2 Greenwood avenue, this city, called help when it found itself locked up in the shop, by knocking down the telephone, calling central, and then sending such noises over the wire that the telephone operator sent word to the police that something was wrong in the shop. The result was that a policeman was sent there and the dog was released. Rover, in his efforts to reconcile himself to his imprisonment, had eaten most of Bellotti's blacking. He also had reduced the shop to a condition of unprecedented disorder.

One of the girls in the telephone exchange was nodding near the switchboard early when a call came from the Bellotti telephone.

"Hello!" she said. There was no human response, but she heard coming over the wire a whining and snarling noise, and at intervals, the sound of things falling. Once she thought she heard a human being pleading for mercy, and immediately afterward came a gurgling sound. The uncanny noises worked on her nerves, and she called up police headquarters.

"I am sure there is something wrong in Bellotti's," she said. "The noises there are simply terrible."

Patrolman Zink rushed to the place, forced a window and found Rover making desperate efforts to get out.

Courtesy Brings \$20,000.

Atlanta, Ga.—William R. O'Neal, Bainbridge, Ga., exchanged a lower for an upper sleeping berth four years ago with J. T. Young of Oakland, Cal., who was traveling for his health. In his will Mr. Young left \$20,000 to the Georgian, who is 28 years old, in return for the courtesy.

Wins in Borrowed Coat.

Chicago.—After being denied admission to the probate court because he was in his shirt sleeves, James Sullivan, a 200-pound liverman, borrowed a coat from 100-pound assistant Judge Rainey and won his case.

Limit on Her Stay

Magistrate Says Ten Days is Enough for Mother-in-Law.

Would Be Far Better Appreciated if They Would Shorten Their Visits and Confine Themselves to Postal Cards.

New York.—Magistrate McGuire, in the Flatbush court, fixed ten days as the limit for visits for mothers-in-law. The case in point was that in which young Mrs. May Coyle had summoned her mother-in-law, also Mrs. May Coyle, a resident of Boston, to court on a charge of disturbing her domestic peace and happiness.

Harry Coyle, son of Mrs. May Coyle of Boston, sat back in the rear of the court room and never opened his mouth. His pretty young wife did all the talking and painted her mother-in-law as a "kill joy" and a "czarina."

"She came down from Boston ten days ago," said the younger Mrs. Coyle, "and took charge of everything. Every time I opened my mouth she squelched me. I didn't know how to cook; I didn't know how to wash the baby; I didn't know how to do this that or the other thing. She broke all our rules and made new ones; she told us how they did things in Boston, and that that was the only right way. Finally she turned my husband against me, and I had to take myself and my baby home to mother. I telephoned her to go home, but she refused."

MUSIC TO REFORM CONVICTS

Orchestra Leader is Appointed to Make Novel Experiment in the Atlanta Federal Prison.

Atlanta, Ga.—Believing that music has the power to work a reformation in the hearts of convicts, the United States department of justice is trying an experiment at the Atlanta federal prison. J. P. Matthiessen, of Atlanta, a director of several orchestras in the city and a composer, has recently been appointed by Attorney-General Wickersham to take charge of the musical feature of the prison work.

For some time past there has been an orchestra at the prison, but there was no trained man to lead it. The men were so deeply interested in the work of the orchestra, however, and it seemed to give them so much pleasure, that Warden Moyer believed it would eventually aid at least in bringing them to a better kind of life. With this end in view he asked for the appointment of an orchestra leader.

An examination was held under civil service rules and Matthiessen got the place. He has found the interest intense. He intends to organize a band, in the near future, as well as the orchestra. New music is being obtained every day. Warden Moyer is well pleased with the progress up to date.

Smallest Postoffice in Colorado.

Greeley, Colo.—The smallest postoffice in Colorado consists of a tomato can spiked to a tree at Alvo, 90 miles northeast of here. It serves 60 families.

RICH MR. DOBSON

By VIRGINIA BLAIR

(Copyright, 1917, by Associated Literary Press.)

"I certainly don't want to meet him," said Mary-Cornelia, with her head in the air. "He hasn't a thing to recommend him but his money."

"How do you know?" Leonora demanded. "Listen to this!" Mary-Cornelia sat up in the hammock, and read: "I want you to be nice to him, Corry, dear. He isn't good-looking, and his clothes are badly cut. But he's good and kind, and has loads of money—"

Mary-Cornelia threw the letter into her cousin's lap. "Neither good looks or style!"

"She says he's good and kind." "Oh, of course she had to say something. But any man can be good and kind—and a nonentity."

"No, he can't," said Leonora, who was married happily, and had the wisdom of the contented wife. "Ned is that kind of a man, and my father was. But if I searched the list of our acquaintances I shouldn't find more than a half dozen husbands and lovers who are really tender and true."

"Aunt Jane doesn't say anything about his being 'tender and true.'"

"It's the same thing," Leonora stated. "Kind men and good men are tender men and true men, and you'll learn as the years go on to care less for good looks and more for a good heart."

"Well, anyhow," Mary-Cornelia shifted the argument, "I am not going to stay at home to see him tomorrow afternoon. I'm going to take my lunch and a book, and go to Big Rock and have a lazy day all to myself."

"But Aunt Jane will be hurt. She says he was so good to her, while she was ill at the hotel in Florida."

"You are a great deal nicer than I am," Mary-Cornelia's eyes had a wicked light in them, "and you'll ask him questions about himself, and get him to talk, and he'll have a lovely time."

"But he wants to meet you, and he's coming to dinner."

"I'm not a fortune hunter," the light had gone out of Mary-Cornelia's eyes, "and you people needn't try to marry me to a rich man that I don't like."

"You're unjust," Leonora said, hotly, "as if I wouldn't keep you with me forever. But how do you know you won't like him, Corry?"

"Because," Mary-Cornelia gathered up an armful of books, preparatory to her departure.

The next morning, a tall and willowy maiden wended her way through the daisy-strewn fields. In one hand she carried a basket, in the other a small book. Over her arm was a rug, on her head was a wide hat. A big collie dog followed her.

When they reached the little stream beside which towered a great rock, Mary-Cornelia spread the rug in the shade. But she was not in a mood to read. She threw stones idly in the water, and watched Bobs run after them.

"Hi, there," said a voice suddenly, from the other side, "you're scaring the fish."

Mary-Cornelia peeped around the rock. A young man in faded brown corduroys was casting his line.

She threw another stone, and drew back into her hiding place.

"Hi, there, boy," said the voice again, "you wait till I come across the bridge."

Mary-Cornelia liked the voice. It was that of a man born to command. She kept very still. She could hear the whirr of the reel as the line was cast. Once there was a splash and a chuckle of satisfaction. Mary peeped around the rock again and saw that the young man had caught a fish.

"I like his looks," she said to Bobs, softly.

Mary-Cornelia was a young lady of retiring tastes. The appeal that the young man made to her was strong, but no appeal could make her overstep the bounds of propriety, so with a sigh she opened her book and read, keeping her eyes sternly away from the tempting corner.

Then suddenly Bobs began to bark excitedly, and Mary-Cornelia, looking up, saw slipping through the ground just beyond her, a snake.

She screamed, and ran, stumbling around the corner of the rock, meeting halfway across the rustic bridge, the young man in corduroys.

"For heaven's sake," he gasped, as he was clutched by the vision in pink, "are you hurt?"

Mary-Cornelia explained, distractedly. "It was so big—and horrid," she shuddered.

He left her on the bridge while he dispatched the enemy, then he came back to her, and found her, very white and shaky, sitting beside his reel and rod.

"Oh, thank you so much," she said. "I—I don't think I was ever so frightened in my life."

"I don't blame you. He was a dangerous customer," he asserted. Then as he took in her beauty and charm, he asked, suddenly, "Was it you who threw the stones?"

"Yes. You were so sure I was a boy that I was tempted—"

"I came over from the hotel early this morning," he said. "I am up here to meet some people that I don't know, and I was not to call until afternoon. I'm doing it for the sake of an old lady I met in Florida. She was such a dear old thing that I didn't want to disappoint her. But it's a sort of bore."

Mary-Cornelia stiffened. "I don't see why," she began.

"Well, it's this way. She has a niece—a namesake—Cornelia, I think, anyhow. She calls her Corry—and she's got an awfully good opinion of herself, and she isn't a bit pretty."

Cornelia gasped. "If you haven't seen her how do you know?"

"Because the aunt showed me a picture—"

"Taken ten years ago! Mary-Cornelia knew that hideous photograph."

"But I oughtn't to talk about her," the young man said, repentantly. "Perhaps you know her?"

"Corry Stevens? Yes, I've known her for years."

"Please don't give me away," he begged. "It was a mean trick to talk about her. But I love the out-of-doors, and I hate to go back to the hotel and dress up."

"Don't go," she said, suddenly. "Have lunch with me. It's over there in a basket." Then, wistfully, "You won't think me too unconventional will you, for asking you? I've known Miss Jane Stevens for years, so I feel as if we have been properly introduced."

"She's a dear old soul," he said earnestly.

"Are you the 'rich Mr. Dobson'?" Mary-Cornelia asked.

"Who called me that?" he demanded, angrily.

"Oh, Corry Stevens. And she said she hoped you wouldn't come—"

He laughed. "I deserve that. Did she say anything else?"

"Yes, but I'm not going to tell you. And if you're not afraid of seeing another snake, you might go over and get my basket. I packed it plentifully, and if there isn't enough we can broil your trout."

He caught at her suggestion, and presently they were ready for their cookery. They toasted bread, and melted cheese, and broiled the trout, and had a feast fit for the gods.

"Where do you live?" the young man asked.

"Near Corry Stevens," she replied. "I wish you'd let me come up tonight," he pleaded. "I feel that an acquaintance begun this way ought to go on—definitely."

"I'll come over to Corry's, she compromised, "then you will be introduced to me, properly. By the time you get back from the hotel, I can run home and we will both get there for dinner. I am perfectly at home at Corry's."

"What is your name?" he demanded.

"Mary Stevens," she said. "I'm related to Corry, you know."

"Well, if Corry is half as nice as her cousin," he was taking the relationship for granted, "she's a pretty nice girl—"

A half hour later, a flushed and radiant young lady rushed into the living room of the Stevens' mansion and threw herself in Leonora's arms.

"He's lovely, Leonora," she declared, "and it was just like Aunt Jane to say he wasn't good looking, and that his clothes weren't stylish. Her ideals are those of a generation ago."

Leonora shook her. "Who are you talking about?"

"The rich Mr. Dobson," Mary-Cornelia laughed, hysterically.

The result of the conversation was two bright-eyed and elated young women. "Put on your prettiest gown," Leonora advised.

When young Mr. Dobson was ushered into the living room, he saw before him the nymph of the woodland encounter.

"Then you reached here before I did," he said in a stage whisper. "Where is Corry?"

Mary-Cornelia, a vision in filmy white and silver, made him a defiant little courtesy, "I'm Corry," she said.

"What?"

"Yes," and then she told him how she had run away—only to meet him, after all.

He caught her hand in his. "It was fate," he declared ardently.

"It was Aunt Jane," Mary-Cornelia corrected, demurely.

The "Driver" Ants.

The most formidable of the insect pests that affect the dwellers on the West African coast are the "driver" ants. These insects move in vast armies of millions, marching in a dense column two feet in width, at a uniform pace and in a straight line.

If a native fall to prevent the ants from gaining the threshold the hut must be vacated till the long line has passed through and consumed everything edible within the building.

The only thing that can stop the "driver" is a large fire directly in their line of march. A native, when he discovers in time that the ants are marching toward his hut, kindles a fire in front of the advancing column. It turns neither to the right nor to the left, but plunges into the flames, for every ant seems impelled to go forward, no matter at what cost.

After the "drivers" have walked into the fire for an hour or two and several hundred thousand have been consumed, their sturdy stolonism weakens. They deflect their line to the extent of a few feet, and, passing the fire, set out in a fresh path of destruction, which leads them clear of the hut they had threatened.—Harper's Weekly.

OLDEN-TIME FAKER RECALLS PALMY DAYS

TELLS HOW FOR 25 YEARS HE SOLD "DOPE" WITH A TRAVELING SHOW.

KNEW HOW TO GET THE COIN

Was a "Doctor" or "Painless" Dentist as Occasion Required—Drew Crowd by Aid of Show and Then Sailed in to Ply His Trade.

Chicago.—John Salathiel, who has been a faker for the last 25 years, worked it at all ends and considers himself somewhat of an authority on the game, says "the business ain't what it was once. Nowadays a faker is a man who stands on the curb and tries to sell you something you think you want because it's new to you. He's the man who dopes hothouse flowers and sells you an armful for a nickel. He's the man who obstructs the sidewalk with mechanical toys and makes you pay as much for them as you would have to pay in the stores. He sells noise-makers on every holiday. He ain't like the old men at the game."

"Twenty-five years ago I started in the faker business as a kid of 18 and the life I led gave me as much experience as Mark Twain's life as a Mississippi pilot gave him. I've had a lot of fun out of it, but I can't say I'm better off financially than if I'd taken up a trade or opened a store. It's all of 25 years ago that a doctor came to me.

"I've got a cure-all I want to put on the market," says he. 'What'll I do, an' how'll I do it?'"

"Money back of it?" I asks.

"Plenty," says he.

"Leave it to me," I tells him, and I gets busy.

"Do I put it on the curbs? I do not. I dig up a couple of fellows who are doing a blackface stunt, an' I tells 'em I wants to hire 'em. Work two hours every ev'nin' an' loaf around all day. Then I digs up an Indian family. I've met-of the Koolpee tribe, or somethin' like that. 'You for the road,' says I. 'Corn dance, war dance, whoopla, painted face: an' feathers. There's four of 'em—father, mother, an' two sons, with the squaw and big chief so old their faces are all chopped up. So I starts my troupe."

"We carry a tent. We hire a big vacant lot. Our Indians peddle bills:



Old-Time Faker.

"Big concert! Free! Free!" Show starts at eight, but the lot is crowded at seven—always. Towns of all sizes gets our aggregation. No favorites—Punxsutawney or Philadelphia, Succasunny or Syracuse, Utica or Ithaca. Curtain draws back. My two actors tell stories, dance. I comes out with a line of talk. Tell the merits of the dope. Indians come on. Corn dance. Ladies an' gents, while we have a song or banjo solo, Chief Thingambob, squaw and sons will pass the bottles around. Fifty a throw." Make a great spiel; short though. Sell to fine business.

"Dope was great stuff to draw the crowds," he went on. "I got a job once sellin' stuff to cure a toothache. Had a knife sharpener an' a package of pills for indigestion. Used to have a wagon with a sign on it. I was Doctor Salathiel in them days—plug hat, Prince Albert coat, and all the fixings. At night I'd light my kerosene lamp out on the public square an' get the crowd. Did a ventriloquist stunt. Had a dummy I told stories with, to, an' from."

"Was I ever a painless dentist? I was. I drove a carriage through the middle west—others had them in the east, an' there was some in the south."

"I'd have some dope to sell that took the pain away from an achin' tooth long enough to let you get it pulled out, and to make the pullin' out without pain. Many a time I've jerked teeth under the glare of my kerosene lamp, but the game's played out."

"Those were good old days," sighed Salathiel. "Money was free and easy then, but you have to work for it now."